*Buck.* Farewell my Lord.

*Exit Buckingham.*

*Yorke.* Whoſe within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrah, go will the Earles of Salsbury and Warwick to ſup with me to night.

*Exit Yorke.*

*One.* I will my Lord,

*Exit.*

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fiſt, and Duke Humfrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall, as if they came from Hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this laſt flight?
But as I caſt her off the winde did riſe,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

*King.* How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in theſe ſilly creatures of his hands,
Vnkle Gloſter, how hye your hawke did ſore,
And on a ſodaine ſouc'd the Partridge downe.

*Suff.* No maruell if it pleaſe your Maieſty,
My Lord Protectors hawkes do towre ſo well,
They know their maſter ſores a Faulcons pitch.

*Hum.* Faith my Lord, it's but a baſe minde,
That ſores no higher then a bird can ſore.

*Card.* I thought your Grace would be aboue the clouds.

*Hum.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heauen.

*Card.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beate on a Crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to ſmoothe it thus with King and Gommonwealth.

*Hum.* How now my Lord, why this is more then needs, church men ſo hot? Good vnckle can you do't.

*Suf.* Why not, hauing ſo good a quarrell, and ſo bad a cauſe?

*Hum.* As how, my Lord?

*Suf.* As you, my Lord, and t'like your Lordly Lordes Protectorſhip.

*Hum.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy inſolence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloſter.

*King.* Ceaſe gentle Queene, and whette not on theſe furious Lords to wrath, for bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.

*Card.* Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector with my ſword.

*Hum.* Faith holy Vnkle, I would it were come to that.

*Card.* Euen when thou dar'ſt.

*Hum.* Dare: I tel thee Prieſt, Plantagenets could neuer brook the dare.

*Card.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and ſonne to Iohn of Gaunt.

*Hum.* In baſtardy.

*Card:* I ſcorne thy words.

*Hum:* Make vppe no factious numbers, but euen in thine owne perſon meete me at the Eaſt end of the groue.

*Card:* Here's my hand, I will.

*King:* Why how now Lords?

*Card,* Faith Coſin Gloſter, had not your man caſt off ſo ſoone, we had had more ſport to day, Come with thy ſword and Buckler.

*Hum:* Gods mother Prieſt Ile ſhaue your crowne.

*Card:* Protector, protect thy ſelfe well.

*King* The winde growes high, ſo doth your choller Lords.

*Enter one crying a miracle, a miracle.*

How now? Now ſirra, what miracle is it?

*One.* And it pleaſe your Grace, there is a man that came blind to S. Albones, and hath receiued his ſight at the ſhrine.

*King* Go fetch him hether, that wee may glorifie the lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, with Muſicke, bearing the man that had bene blind between two in a chaire*

*King:* Thou happy man, giue God eternall praiſe,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where waſt thou borne?

*Poore man.* At *Barwicke* pleaſe your Maieſty in the North.



*Hum.*